Proper Punishments and Sweeter Rewards

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Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Hannibal?” Will called out from the upstairs sitting room where he was haphazardly stuffing papers into his satchel. He paused, waiting to hear for a response.

“I’ll be home tonight.” He yelled this time, craning his neck to listen, when suddenly a hand closed over his opposite shoulder.

“Shit!” Will swore, startled, satchel and all the contents tumbling from his grasp. He drew in a shaky breath and turned around, staring up at Hannibal.

“I am terribly sorry, Will. I was certain you heard me approach.” He gave a comforting squeeze to his arm before stooping down to gather up the items strewn across the floor.

“I’ll attend to your things. I’ve a thermos of coffee for you in the kitchen – please, go sit.”

Will finally shook himself from his trance and smiled, heading off to the kitchen. Hannibal retrieved his corduroy jacket that, despite his best efforts, he’d not been able to wrestle from Will’s collection of horrific clothing items. He made quick work of the papers that had fallen to the floor, organizing them and filing them back into their proper places.

Stopping briefly at their bedroom, Hannibal retrieved a few items from the walk-in closet, and proceeded downstairs to the kitchen. He met Will with a benign smile, helping him into his jacket and handing over his satchel.

“You seem uncharacteristically nervous, Will. Is there something wrong?”

Shaking his head, he slung his bag over his shoulder and reached up to kiss Hannibal; he missed, pressing his lips to the corner of his mouth. Will let out a hushed laugh as he headed for the door.

“It’s a long lecture tonight, can’t let them out early. I’ll be home late, I think.”

He nodded after him, watching his departure.

Hannibal knew Will was up to something – he was terrible at hiding his emotions. Instead of letting him enact whatever he was planning, he had decided to take matters into his own hands.

If Will’s later class was indeed going to run the whole allotted time, there was no rush before getting to the Academy. He wanted to time his arrival to about a half hour until the end. The way the classrooms were set up, he could stand towards the entrance, and Will would be able to see him, but the students would not.

By then, he certainly would have found what was waiting for him amongst the papers that had carefully been arranged back into his bag.

. . . . .

Arriving precisely on his allotted schedule, Hannibal stood outside Will's classroom. He listened carefully, observing the rise and fall of his voice, visualizing when he was likely to be turned away from the door, addressing the other side of the room.

There came the muffled sound of his voice and so Hannibal carefully pushed the door open, silently slipping in while he was turned away toward the opposite wall.

Hannibal watched. There were small clues - his posture, the slight strained quality to his voice, which brought a mischievous grin to his face. Will's hand shook slightly as he paced; a nervous tremor, Hannibal mused, no doubt from the item he discovered in his satchel.

"You'll notice here," Will turned, vaguely gesturing to the screen behind him, "that the radial blood splatter…is…suggestive…" he trailed off, startled, and stared mutely at the figure looming in the near-darkness of the small foyer.

When Will's hand strayed to a pocket of his jacket, Hannibal noticed that his eyes widened, as if in recognition of the object that had been placed inside of it. Abruptly, he stopped the lecture, and said, "A little change of plans for the last part of class. I want each of you to write a preliminary profile of the perpetrator, and then critique one of your classmates. Turn it in when you're finished."

The class muttered small sounds of dismay; they clearly thought they were getting a pop quiz of some kind. Hannibal knew better – Will had stopped pacing and moved behind the podium, clearly feeling more uncomfortable than he could presently deal with. It was then that he spotted Hannibal, out of sight of all but him, standing at the back.

Will had two things going in his favor at this moment; one, that the students wouldn't be surprised at his behavior, which generally tended towards the unpredictable anyway; and two, that they wouldn't find it odd that there was someone observing the class, who they had to walk past in order to exit when they were finished. People often did.

Will was struck with a horrific thought when he imagined Jack Crawford deciding to pay a visit today as well, wondering what Hannibal was doing there, and noticing…the reason he'd had to hide behind a tall object.

But now everything had begun to make sense. Hannibal had clearly planned for Will to find what he had in his satchel and pocket. But in turn, Hannibal was about to get a surprise of his own.

Finally, the class ended, and the students filed out, past the well-dressed man with his coat over his arm and an almost imperceptible smirk on his face.

Hannibal wondered, amused, if Will was planning to lunge at him. Instead, apparently driven to momentary silence, he shook, staring wild-eyed up at Hannibal.

Pants looking more than a tad uncomfortable, Hannibal merely arched an eyebrow, ever so slightly, and glanced down at Will's predicament.

“Something bothering you, Will?” There was a slight twitch to Hannibal’s lip, a devious little sneer tugging at his mouth.

Will stuttered.

A frantic timbre graced his voice as he lurched forward, jabbing his finger into Hannibal’s sternum. The effect was totally lost when Will’s hand connected with the perfect Windsor knot so elegantly arranged around his neck.

“You! You…there was a paddle! In my bag! You put a paddle in there! That I…I nearly took out! In class! And lube! You put lube in my jacket pocket!”

He passed his hand over his face and glared at Hannibal between his fingers.

“I thought it was my laser pointer!” Wailing, he scratched at the back of his head and squeezed his eyes shut.

A delightful flush, which had started in his cheeks, rapidly made its way down Will’s neck, disappearing quite alluringly under his collar.

“You look quite warm, Will. Here, allow me to help you.” Hannibal reached out, going for the buttons of his clearly un-ironed dress shirt.

Will yelped, a peculiar, high-pitched little noise and swatted at Hannibal.

Now that they were alone, Hannibal could drop his veneer of civility; he caught Will's wrist as his hand came near. He held it in front of his face, squeezing firmly but not painfully. An unmistakable gesture of dominance.

Hannibal smiled more sincerely as Will's eyes widened.

"That bordered on rudeness, Will. You know that I, at least, am interested in the appearance of my clothing," he chided, eyeing Will's wrinkled shirt. "Rather naughty in fact."

Will opened and closed his mouth a few times before his expression changed. The word 'naughty' played over in his head. Something about the way Hannibal had said it. Almost...playful? So hard to read the inflections in his voice at times. But looking at him, reading his emotions in other ways, that Will could do.

Yes, Hannibal was amused at his arousal; but in a way that indicated he was planning on taking advantage of it for himself.

Will stilled once Hannibal took him by the wrist, breath quickening in both arousal and fear. Frustration made his head spin. He whimpered, tugging against Hannibal’s grip.

“Please, I…” His hand hovered over the growing bulge in his trousers, the hint of a wet patch starting to form, much to his horror. His head spun nervously, looking around the room in sudden alarm.

There was a swift movement and his other wrist was captured, hands held easily in Hannibal's strong grasp.

"Yes, Will?" The question was mild, the same smirk turning up his lip.

"I can't…I…I won't be able to make it home," he shuddered.

The space between them closed, Hannibal stepping so near he was pressed against Will's trembling form. He pushed a hand through the unruly tumble of the other man's curls, cupping the side of his face.

"Ah," came the quiet reply, "what's to be done about that then?"

"There's a vacant office, down the hall. Please!"

Hannibal seemed to consider it for a moment, but instead his free hand closed on the hard curve of Will's cock, kneading him roughly through his pants.

"In a moment, Will." He smiled patiently, seeming to listen intently for any noise outside the room, already quite aware that the halls were clear.

Will's head tipped back as much as Hannibal would allow, and he moaned quite loudly, for being concerned that they might not be alone. Evidently these responses were entirely out of his control now. Which is precisely the state Hannibal wanted him to be in.

Tightening his fingers through Will's hair, he brought his head back further, and at first ran his tongue along Will's jawline, which produced an even louder sound of desperation. To keep him at least a little quiet, he brought up the hand that had been tormenting Will by palming his cock, and thrust a few fingers into his open mouth.

Hannibal took advantage of the partial silencing by commencing to bite his neck, and Will whined around the fingers that he'd finally been unable to resist starting to suck.

Without having even noticed, Will had been backed up against the wall of the entrance to the classroom, and he involuntarily began to grind against Hannibal's hip, in a futile effort for some, any, relief from the building pressure at his groin. Hannibal just bit him harder and backed up slightly, denying him even that.

After toying with Will in this manner for what seemed like an eternity, Hannibal let go of his hair, and took a step back. He looked Will up and down, and appeared pleased. Will could only try not to pitch forward, his head swimming and light. Finally, Hannibal took him by the wrist, and making sure Will still had a hold of his bag, practically yanked him out of the room and towards the office that he knew he sometimes used to do paperwork and see students.

Hannibal flicked on the lights in the unused office, illuminating only one row, keeping the front of the room subdued. He turned to Will and approached, slowly walking him backwards until he was pressed against the nearest wall.

Stumbling, clearly lightheaded and dazed, Will leant backwards for support. The thought passed through his mind that his plan had gone very off course. Hannibal's arm shot out,

gathering his wrists and pinning them above his head in one swift motion.

Beyond words, Will could only stare, his cock throbbing painfully. Keeping his arms restrained, Hannibal used his free hand to un-tuck Will's shirt before trailing his fingers slowly down his stomach toward the insistent bulge in his pants. He groped him roughly, smirking when he tried to pull away.

"You're wet."

Will sobbed at those words, loud whimpers and moans forced from his lips. He fell suddenly, arms pulling out from Hannibal's grasp as he slid down the wall and tumbled forward, landing hard on his knees.

For a brief moment Hannibal was certain he had lost consciousness, until he felt Will shaking violently, unsteady hands trying to unbuckle his belt. Eyes very wide, he stared up at Hannibal as he struggled.

Will was quite obviously in distress, so Hannibal smoothed his hair back from his forehead as he was on his knees. He responded immediately, his eyes fluttering shut, and his hands becoming more sure of themselves as he finally managed to get Hannibal's trousers open.

"Desperation suits you, Will," Hannibal murmured encouragingly. He took his hair more firmly in hand as Will freed his cock, half hard, from the confines of his clothing. Eyes opened again, but their focus was narrow, hungry. Will parted his lips in bliss.

Finally Hannibal brought Will's head closer, and Will looked right up into his eyes as he tentatively ran his tongue over the head, and Hannibal breathed an approving sigh. He kept up his almost reverential licking, slowly up and down Hannibal's shaft, until he was fully hard. Only then did Will start easing him into his mouth, and Hannibal let him set the pace. He kept his lips tight around him, sucking hard, transfixed, only taking a fraction of his impressive length in each time before withdrawing.

By the time the head of his cock was pressing against the back of Will's throat, he began to focus on the wetness that had been flowing freely from his own achingly hard cock. He realized Hannibal had been able to see it spreading the entire time, and flushed. It was obvious how much he loved what he was doing.

Hannibal smiled down at him. "I can plainly see how much you are enjoying yourself," a sort of trenchant concern tinging his dark voice, "but don't you think it is time to do something about your dire situation?"

Will pulled back, dragging his lips along the head of Hannibal's cock, before burying his face against his hip. He wrapped a hand around his thigh, as much to keep himself balanced, as to feel the other man's muscles moving under his fingers.

As Will rested for a moment, he could feel the flush deepening across his cheeks and neck, made worse by the knowledge that Hannibal could easily see his raw desperation, his unbearable need.

“I want to finish…” He trailed off, breathing too hard to continue. Tongue darting out, he pressed it against the base of Hannibal’s cock, licking. The feel of Hannibal’s impressive length made him shudder, and he moved his hand, sliding his thumb across the wet head, pressing into his slit.

Another loud moan was torn abruptly from his open mouth, the sound bordering on a sob. Both of Hannibal’s hands raked through his curls, holding him gently as he tipped his head back. Lips wet and flushed, Will stared up at him, shivering slightly under his touch.

Hannibal smiled down at him, teeth showing in his feral grin. The running of fingers through Will’s hair was almost sweet in contrast.

“There’s other ways to please me, Will. I know that is ultimately what you want to do, more than anything. What I want is for you to stand. I did not put those objects in your satchel and pocket as a joke.”

This was the thing that Will had been trying to forestall, for as long as possible, preferably until they’d gotten someplace else, like Hannibal’s house. But it wasn’t as if he could argue.

Hannibal offered his hand, and Will stood up, shaky on his feet from having been on his knees. Hands at Will’s belt, slowly unbuckling it. He closed his eyes and felt his zipper being undone. The felt he rumpled khaki pants being inched down; and he swallowed hard when he heard Hannibal’s intake of breath. It was rare he showed surprise, even in a small manner.

He felt Hannibal’s hand, warm and firm on his hip. Against skin, but also against the lacy silk panties he’d been meaning to surprise him with. But not like this, and certainly not here. He felt the hand glide over his abdomen, and dip just inside the waistband, felt it slide over his newly-smooth skin. He’d wanted the picture to be complete, after all. Nothing of the usual dark hair over his cock remained. And as his pants were pushed down around his thighs, it became more and more apparent that the small garment was going to do nothing to hold his surging erection back much longer.

“This…is most unexpected,” Hannibal said quietly.

“Y-you mentioned once, you said…” Hannibal’s fingers slid under the elastic, at the juncture of leg and thigh, and Will lost any ability to continue. He pulled his hand back, cupping him through the thin, damp fabric that clung to his cock.

“I think you should continue, Will. What exactly do you remember me saying, hmm?”

Too breathless to speak, he whined instead as Hannibal traced the curve of his straining flesh, massaging him with agonizing slowness.

“Are you having trouble recalling what you said? That’s understandable,” Hannibal breathed, winding his fingers through Will’s curls and tugging gently.

Will nodded as he trembled in Hannibal’s grasp.

“Here, I’ll help you remember, Will.” Hooking two fingers under the thin elastic, Hannibal tugged them down, inch by inch, until only the swollen head of his cock peaked out from behind the black lace.

“Oh,” Hannibal sighed quietly, “still no luck? Pity.” He traced a finger across Will’s lips before pressing it against his cock, just enough pressure and sensation to cause another bead of fluid to leak out, sliding down his heated skin.

Hannibal swiped his thumb through the increasing wetness, slipping his fingers past Will’s parted lips as he whimpered. He eagerly sucked the fluid, shivering.

“Good boy,” came the dark reply, as he stroked the side of Will’s face.

Will had gotten lost in the act of sucking the taste of himself off of Hannibal, and the gentle touch of his hands. He’d closed his eyes, and started to lean into the contact.

Right as he’d gotten quite relaxed, Hannibal suddenly tightened the light grip he’d had on Will’s hair, and sharply brought his head to the side. Will’s eyes flew open, and he knew he was caught. He found himself pinned up against the nearest wall, and felt Hannibal’s teeth at his neck; felt his hardness pressing against him through the lace.

Relentlessly, Hannibal marked his neck, while holding him still; his other arm was outstretched, pinned against the cool surface, Hannibal’s fingers entwined in his own. He was trying very hard not to cry out, being where they were; but Hannibal was fully against him now, and the feeling of his cock just so achingly close to penetrating him was more than he could bear. He couldn’t resist arching his back and pressing his ass into it.

Hannibal stopped assaulting his neck, and did something even worse – he laughed.

“Such a slut you are, Will.” He let go of his wrist, and wound his hand around to the front of his body, stroking the slickness that had gathered at his lower abdomen where his cock had been leaking. Over the smooth skin, and finally hooking a finger under the waistband of the flimsy lace. He yanked them down, and slapped his ass as hard as he could. Will convulsed, and he bit his lip to try and keep silent.

“You are correct in recollecting that I did say I wanted to see you this way. Clean-shaven everywhere and wearing something like this to please me.” He paused long enough to close his teeth around Will’s earlobe.

“But not without my express permission. Do you understand?”

Will’s faced burned at Hannibal’s words, at his laugher – hot shame inched from his cheeks down to his chest; even so, he couldn’t stop the pulse of his hips as he tried to press back against him once more.

He bit his lip in frustration and agonizing arousal, a choked little sob escaping. The fading burn of the slap, couple with the harsh bites across the most sensitive parts of his neck left Will rapidly sinking toward a state of perfect sensory overload.

“Please, it was supposed to be a surprise. I…I wanted to surprise you…at-at home…” he wailed, unable to stop himself, as another hard, expertly placed slap landed on the opposite cheek. His cock bobbed with the impact, hips thrusting forward from the sharp sting.

He trembled fearfully in Hannibal’s arms as the heat radiated across his skin. He could feel it creeping down, the sensation of the other man’s palm on his bare flesh still fresh in his mind.

“I…I’m sorry, I didn’t…” He panted harshly as Hannibal’s word from earlier came rushing back. In a flurry of frightened apology, Will blurted out, quite breathlessly, “I didn’t mean to be naughty!”

A low growl in Hannibal’s throat followed, accompanied by another hard slap on his quickly reddening ass.

“Do not compound your predicament by lying, Will. ‘Naughty’ is precisely what you meant to be.”

He let go of his arm, and hissed, “Do not move.”

Will’s pants, which had been around his knees, were swiftly removed. Hannibal stood back up, and took his wrist again, directing him away from the wall and towards the desk, where his bag had been tossed.

“Take the paddle out of your satchel, and hand it to me.”

Hands shaking, Will managed to get it open, and find the object that had been concealed inside. He hadn’t gotten a very good look at it before, but as he took it out, he could see that it would not be an easy thing to bear being used on him. It was more stiff than flexible, leather, black; long with a split down the middle. There was no way Hannibal could use something that that on him here. Surely he’d be unable to prevent himself from being so loud everyone in the building would hear.

Nevertheless, he handed it over to him, and felt his feet kicked apart; he nearly fell forward, but managed to brace himself on the edge of the workstation with quaking hands. The panties were still around his thighs, and he shivered as Hannibal ran the paddle up the insides of them, and over the round, full part of his ass. He couldn’t resist arching his back, and he felt his cock surge, and begin to leak on the desk.

Trapped between Hannibal and the desk, he couldn’t help but look down at himself, pre-cum smearing over the wood. He pressed back, feeling the cool leather of the paddled resting lightly against his ass, then thrust his hips forward experimentally, cock dragging over the groove of the writing surface.

“Ohhh,” A breathless moan caught Will by surprise and sped up, hips snapping forward as he fucked himself against the desk. Oblivious to everything but finally finding relief from his aching arousal, he paid no mind to the sharp intake of breath from the man behind him.

Will groaned again, a deep, needy noise in the quiet room, and closed his eyes.

Hannibal put a firm, steady hand on Will's hip, and did not remove the paddle from where it had been stayed against his ass. He ceased his more obvious movements, but Hannibal could tell that he was still pressing hard into the surface of the desk.

"I do not recall giving you leave to pleasure yourself so crudely, Will. Any contact is to be at my explicit instruction."

He ran the paddle down the back of Will's thigh, the edge of it grazing against his flushing, warm skin. Will at first seemed to comply, even his small movements ceasing. He appeared lost in the arduous task of trying to regain his breath, and something of his wits. It was obvious that this entire situation – the earlier embarrassment in the classroom, the arousal, the premature discovery of his secret, and the anticipation of what Hannibal was about to do to him, here, where they might be discovered – was overburdening all of his senses.

With great difficulty he pulled back, cock sliding along the desk, a line of fluid pooling where he had been fucking himself. On the verge of tears, from the ache he was unable to satisfy, he panted heavily and squirmed. He widened his stance, letting his hips drop forward, ass high in the air. A minute thrust crept back into his movements, impossible to stop as he tried to find relief - he whimpered, frightened over the possibility of being punished, so he stayed as still as he could manage.

Head buried in the crook of his arm, he tensed. He knew it would hurt less if he relaxed, but despite trying, he wasn't able. Hannibal heard a muffled sob from the prone man, his shoulders in a tight line. Will flinched, involuntarily, already imaging the swift fall of the leather, the sound it would make as it connected with his ass.

"Hurts…" Will mumbled absently, much too overwhelmed to form a coherent sentence.

"Do you think so?" Hannibal said, amusement tinging his voice. "Perhaps you would benefit from a distraction."

Without giving Will any time to respond, he drew back his arm, and the paddle connected perfectly with the center of Will's ass. The thing was long enough to cover quite a bit of surface area at once. Will was so startled, that instead of a yelp escaping him, a choked-off cry was all that came out. He'd been anticipating the stroke for so long, but it was administered with so little warning, that it still managed to surprise him.

"Good. Try and keep being quiet. If you can."

There was a great deal of incentive to keep from crying out. Now that Will knew how much pain the paddle could administer, he realized that he'd have to struggle with every ounce of control he could manage to not scream each time it struck him. But perversely, he didn't want Hannibal to stop; it did in fact divert his attention from his aching cock.

When the sting receded, he arched his back, raising his ass enough to let Hannibal know to keep going.

The paddle fell repeatedly across his skin, the sharp sound very loud to his ears. He cried out, at first, but was soon silenced by the repetitive motion of Hannibal's ministrations. Before his

thoughts left him, he thought how beautiful it must look – Hannibal's strong forearm, weaving a pattern of strikes and blows so rhythmically across his flushed skin.

As the torment continued, however, Will found it increasingly hard to control his breathing. Each labored gasp was pulled from his body in a short, frantic burst. The fine balance between pain and pleasure had finally tipped in favor of the former: Will's knees buckled, his hands dragging along the edge of the wood, white-knuckled, as he tried to catch himself. He succeeded, but only just - he pulled himself up and pressed his chest across the cool flat surface.

He grabbed the desk again, holding on as tightly as he could, and groaned, trying to get back into position. Head lolling against his arm, he dimly felt Hannibal gently run his palm over the rounded swell of his ass. Fingers trailed up through the dampness of his hips and back – the contact was startling, the careful touch followed by another series of swift blows. He wailed, loudly, an anguished sob spilling from his mouth at the feeling of the leather biting against tender flesh of his reddened thighs.

Sensation built slowly, until he felt feverishly hot, sweat dripping from the tangled curls that hung in his face. The distraction of the paddle itself, and the punishment that followed, were successful - Will's erection had faltered, his only thought being that of his breathing.

Dimly, Will was aware that the blows had ceased. After a moment, there was sensation again, but this one gentler on his flesh; though Hannibal's hand was undoubtedly warm, compared to his heated skin, it felt cool.

Hannibal was tracing the red marks he'd left imprinted. Some were slightly raised, and there may be bruises in places. He was pleased with his work; Will would not be able to move or sit for several days without a reminder that he'd been marked.

He pressed gently into some of the worse off areas directly upon the fleshier parts of Will's ass. The action was met with gasps and an exhausted moan. Again, precisely the desired effect.

Only then did he step back, and admire the full picture as he loosened his collar and unbuttoned his sleeves.

"You make such a pretty canvas, Will," he said somewhat breathlessly, barely able to contain his depth of feeling. "A work of art. I am going to have to paint you with greater frequency."

The probing of Hannibal's fingers and the pressure against his ass made him want to squirm; he had enough presence of mind not to move away, fearing what would happen. It was gentle, at least more so than the leather, but his inflamed skin was unbearably sensitive, aching terribly.

He shook, his reserves fading, and leant heavily on the desk for support. There was the faint noise of Hannibal moving behind him, the rustle of his clothes as he stepped back. Will wondered what he was doing, desperately hoping he wasn't going to be struck again. He locked his knees, more to keep from falling than anything else, and waited, frightened, to hear the sound of the paddle.

Hannibal's words floated through his muddled thoughts, and though understood them perfectly, his mind was too fuzzy and overwhelmed to formulate a response - he felt groggy and confused from the experience. There was an attempt to reply, but he mumbled incoherently before it descended into a deep, pained groan.

In his state he didn't even notice he'd been drooling; a line of saliva pulled away in a thin, glistening stream from his bottom lip and the desk, as he lifted his head slightly.

The shirt that had contained the object Will had mistaken for his laser pointer was draped neatly over a nearby chair. Hannibal retrieved the small bottle of lubricant from its pocket, and set it on the desktop.

He stepped back over to Will, and pressed his still-clothed erection against Will's sensitive flesh. He'd been drifting, Hannibal could tell; this brought him back a little. It was probably quite odd, to feel the hard line of Hannibal's cock through fabric, which would seem smooth and cooler.

He grasped Will's hips, and just held him firmly, reminding him that the bruises and sting would remain. After a few moments, Will brought his arms up to steady himself on the edge of the desk, aware of what was required of him. His instinct to please, and ability to read what Hannibal wished, through the smallest of guidance, even after a prolonged session of discipline, was beautiful.

Hannibal backed away, but only marginally. He brought the panties, which were still around Will's thighs, up again. He put his knee between Will's, and nudged his feet further apart. The flimsy garment was still in place, but easy to move aside, as Hannibal slickened up two of his fingers, and began to trace the cleft of Will's ass. The soft, black fabric looked exquisite against the reddened skin, the lace forming delicate contrasts to the darker crimson places. He wanted to continue to see it there.

Will moaned, a strange combination of pain and a small spark of rekindled interest; his unbearable arousal had calmed during Hannibal's punishment, but his cock twitched when he felt slick fingers moving down his skin.

Still fearful of repeating his behavior earlier, he leant back against Hannibal only enough to let him know he was at least partially coherent as to what was being done to him. A cool hand moved from his hip up to his back, settling between his shoulder blades. Hannibal's thumb dug into the tense, quivering muscles. Will was pressed forward, unbalanced slightly by design, as two fingers were pushed inside of him.

The action was quick, rough, and Will cried out, unprepared for it. He had straightened up slightly from the abrupt contact, but there was the pressure of Hannibal's strong hand again, forcing him forward while he plunged back inside.

This was sensation of a different type and Will found it difficult to stay quiet – he groaned loudly as Hannibal continued finger fucking him, the whole ordeal making him hard again.

The hand moved from his back and Will heard the unmistakable sound of Hannibal unbuckling his belt, right when another digit was thrust quickly inside his stretched entrance.

The hand that had so calmingly touched his back was now placed over his mouth. Will initially panicked, fearing that he wouldn't be able to breathe; but he soon found that the condition of being forced to inhale and exhale only through his nose made him calmer and more aware.

And he understood that it was ultimately to reduce the amount of noise that he would make. Which led to the further understanding that he'd likely be about to make rather a lot of it.

The fingers stretching him open were suddenly removed, and he felt the thick head of Hannibal's cock teasing at his hole. Will moaned against the hand around his mouth, and he discovered that if he was relatively quiet, he was permitted to suck on his fingers. He also realized the panties were still in place, and had only been pushed to the side. He felt them getting increasingly soaked from his cock which had been leaking non-stop for the entire time.

Hannibal took his time sliding all the way inside of Will, relishing the heat and tightness that enveloped his length. When Will was fully impaled, he snaked his free hand under and up around Will's arm, to hold his shoulder firmly.

A small noise of satisfaction spilled from his lips; he removed his finger from Will's mouth, who had been ardently sucking on it. He clamped his large hand more fully over Will's lips.

"Try to keep as quiet as you can manage, Will," he whispered while his mouth hovered over Will's ear, breath warm and sweet on his neck. "There's only so much I can do to prevent everyone in the building hearing you scream. Do you want them to hear what you sound like while getting fucked?"

And with that, he pulled nearly all the way out, only the head of his cock still inside of Will's ass, then slammed all the way back in again to the hilt.

Will shuddered at the sensation, steeling his hands against the side of the desk as Hannibal sank back inside. Despite the fact he knew the penetration would be forceful, he still wasn’t prepared.

He screamed, the noise mercifully muffled against Hannibal’s hand, and squeezed his eyes shut. The other hand, locked against his shoulder, tightened into an iron grip and pulled him backwards even as he was jolted forward from the impact.

His breath was noisy, labored, and he held onto the desk with all the strength he could manage. Cock aching terribly, each thrust brought a new surge of fluid into his already soaked panties.

Wailing, he still tried to arch back into the contact, wanting Hannibal to know to keep going. In his haze, he didn’t even feel the teeth close over his neck until Hannibal was biting carefully along his jaw.

“Exquisite, Will,” Hannibal whispered, the smallest hint of breathlessness creeping into his voice as he slammed into him again.

Feeling him wanting more, even though Hannibal was driving into him as hard as he ever had, was the most extraordinary thing. Will could take everything he could give, and more. He felt him gasping around his hand as it gagged his drooling mouth. He pressed his lips to Will's ear, and spoke more encouragement and praise:

"You're insatiable. Aren't you? Even before you found the things I'd left for you to find, you were thinking of me. Thinking of this. How many times did you have to remind yourself to not drive off the road on your way here? How often did you have to duck behind your lectern while trying to teach your class? I simply gave you what you wanted sooner than you believed you would get it. But you always knew you would."

Hannibal began to slow his thrusts, and finally began to tease Will by penetrating him only with the head of his thick cock, deliberately missing the writhing man's prostate. Will whined through Hannibal's fingers, and desperately tried to push back against his length, hungering for more; but Hannibal's grip on his shoulder made it so he could control him completely. Every few strokes back inside, he would graze the place inside of him that Will wanted to be touched, only to resume his torment. He was shaking, his knees threatening to give way out of sheer need.

He tried feverishly to respond to Hannibal's words, to tell him how terribly he ached when he thought of him, that the drive to work had been pure torture, how he loved every second of it and never wanted it to end. He wanted to explain that even in his most horrific nightmares Hannibal's presence was there, something to hang on to, even when he thought he'd never resurface from the darkness on his own.

Will's chest constricted at the thought, and for a brief moment Hannibal spread his fingers, Will taking in a great, desperate breath. The moan that fell from his lips was so filled with passion and longing, from somewhere deep inside him, that Hannibal felt his own knees weaken, if only a fraction, at the sound that spilled forth. And then the hand was closing over Will's mouth again, thumb swiping over the curve of his cheekbone, kneading gently along his jaw.

With fading senses he could feel that Hannibal was close, an almost imperceptible change in the rhythm. He let go of the desk with one hand and reached up, sliding his fingers over Hannibal's, which so firmly gripped his shoulder. Lips brushed the side of his neck, his face, and pressed against his temple; then Will's arm was dropping, knuckles sliding uselessly along the desk.

Each teasing thrust, each deep press against his prostate brought another surge of fluid from his straining cock. Will's desperate hold to keep himself upright was weakening, even as the rest of his of his body began to finally succumb to the exquisite torture. He was starting to sag heavily in Hannibal's powerful grasp, the other man taking up more of his weight than he was capable of himself.

It couldn't last; Will was far too pliant, and was too beautiful in his surrender. For a moment, he could feel what Will had been through that day, his thoughts always looking towards the wanted, the inevitable. It was how he'd touched his hand; he couldn't cry out in words of wanting, no *faste*r or *harder* or *more*, but Hannibal heard it in the almost imperceptible brush of his hand.

Hannibal ceased his tormenting, and fucked Will in earnest, at first smoothly, then more and more unstably; but the thrusts were as precise as they were brutal. Harder he grasped his shoulder, and Will could be felt placing his last ounce of strength into bracing himself once again with both hands, even as his legs no longer could.

Now it was Hannibal's turn to try to keep quiet, pressing his mouth and teeth to Will's neck to dampen the dark sound that was torn from his lungs as he began to spill deep inside; with some last few impossibly hard strokes, he stilled, feeling his cum filling the tight hotness that enfolded him.

They both rested, heaving breaths wracking both of their bodies; Will was allowed to gradually collapse forward, his still-straining cock temporarily forgotten. Trapped between his body and the desk, he became increasingly more and more aware of his remaining arousal, which had not been alleviated. After finally catching his breath, Hannibal straightened up, cock softening inside.

Before he completely pulled out, he reached over to his jacket, placed strategically nearby, and retrieved something that Will was quite unaware of from an inner pocket.

"You've gotten yourself so filthy, Will. Imagine what people would say if you were leaving your mess down the hallway when we walked out?"

Will whimpered loudly, suddenly worried, but a warm settled against his spine, soothing little circles being drawn on his overheated skin.

"Shh, I've got something to help you." Hannibal slipped out of the tight heat of Will's ass and hooked his fingers along the elastic of his panties to keep them to the side. Pulling his hand from his pocket, he produced a small plug; bright red, smooth, it started with a gentle taper that flared into a long base, perfect for resting against Will's slick hole.

With effort, Will lifted his head and looked back, confused by the sensation of the plug being drawn along his skin.

"See?" Hannibal lifted the item, holding it up for him to look at. "The color matches so beautifully." He touched his fingers to the red, bruised flesh and Will bit back a sharp cry before burying his head in his arms. The plug was pressed against Will's ass, breaching him slowly, even as it trapped Hannibal's cum inside.

"I need your help to make sure it's all the way in," he whispered gently. Will shook his head, whining, but then Hannibal was carefully guiding his arm back, directing his shaking fingers to the base of the object. He pushed against it, groaning when he felt it probing deeply inside.

Hannibal hummed his praise at Will's unwavering compliance, and slid his arms around the prone man, helping him to straighten up. One arm under Will's, the other locked around his hips, he kissed the side of his neck slowly as he shuddered.

"You need to cum very badly, don't you Will?" He nodded fervently, a needy whimper tumbling out of his parted lips as his head fell back against Hannibal's shoulder.

“You’ve done so well, go ahead.” Mouth hovering over his ear, Hannibal nipped at Will’s lobe as a shaky hand inched under his panties.

“Ah, ah…” he chided softly, “keep your hand outside.”

There was a loud sob, Hannibal was slightly startled when Will nearly crumpled in his arms, but then he was palming himself, without finesse, tugging at his straining cock as much as he could manage through the fabric.

He bit his lip, breathy, pained moans like music to Hannibal’s ears. He could feel the tension in Will’s limbs as he got close. He cried out so loudly when he finally found release, hips thrust forward with so much force, that even Hannibal had the brief worry they would be found out. He quickly clamped a hand over Will’s open mouth, keeping it there until he felt the other man go nearly limp in his arms.

He pressed against Hannibal, the other man supporting most of his weight while he recovered. Will moaned quietly, utterly overwhelmed. His cock completely wet, it lay softening in his damp, cum-filled panties, fluid still leaking slowly from the red, flushed head.

Hannibal cupped him gently through the soaked fabric, intentionally over stimulating him, kneading slowly until he saw the final few pulses began to drip down his exhausted, trembling thighs.

“Please…” Will whimpered, barely able to speak, too fatigued to pull away from Hannibal’s teasing fingers.

“Please *more*? So polite, even now. I could never deny you, Will.” Deliberately misinterpreting his pleas, Hannibal touched him again, rubbing his thumb over the slick, wet slit.

He sobbed, louder this time, and Hannibal shushed him. Keeping his tone light, knowing how overwhelmed he was both mentally and physically, he teased him gently, not wanting to provoke a panicked response.

“You couldn’t help yourself, could you?” Lips were pressed to Will’s cheek as he shook his head, a stray tear tumbling down his flushed skin. “I’ve something that can help you keep quiet, while I tidy up the office. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Will nodded while Hannibal placed a steadying hand against his side, helping him to step out of his dripping panties.

Before he knew what was happening, the soaked lace thing was being stuffed right into his mouth. His eyes opened wide in confusion and protest, but then fluttered shut once again as Hannibal’s warm, broad hand made its first skin-to-skin contact with his oversensitive length, hardening again despite himself. He groaned around the things in his mouth, and understood perfectly that this was part of his punishment for not telling Hannibal what he’d had in mind all along. And part of him reveled in being put through something so degrading; it was

Hannibal's wish, he could use him in any way he desired, and he wanted only to go along with it, no matter what.

He stopped tormenting him, and he leaned against the desk to which he now had his back, heaving and breathless, but making no move to take out the gag. Hannibal straightened his trousers, smoothing them, as he eased his cock back inside of them, and zipped them up. A pocket square cleaned his hands, and he smoothed his hair back into place. The paddle went back inside Will's satchel, the lube back in his pocket.

He put back the few items that had been knocked off of the desk. He put back on his jacket, and only then did he take the cum-soaked (and now also saliva-soaked) undergarment out of Will's mouth, who gasped when he could finally breathe freely.

"You're going to need to get dressed, Will. You can't leave here in this sort of state."

Will shakily nodded his head, and went to pick up the pants discarded on the floor, only to have Hannibal hand him back the panties.

"You want me to…?"

Hannibal arched an eyebrow and tilted his head in confirmation. "They were your choice to begin with."

Will's cock betrayed him, and he felt his arousal growing yet again. He had no choice but to comply, and slithered the thing back into place. The pants went on over them, and began to soak through almost immediately. He was glad he'd brought his jacket with him, and hoped it was long enough to cover his dampening crotch, in case someone saw him…

He momentarily had to fight back a stab of fear at the thought. *What if someone saw them leave*?

Hannibal stepped into Will's space once he finished dressing. It was apparent he was lost in thought, overcome from all of the activities, and the lurking fear of being found out. He shivered as he stood there, out of place and out of sorts.

"Will," his tone was gentle but commanding, and Will looked up at him, eyes more than a little unfocused as Hannibal ran his fingers through the disheveled curls, still damp at the back of his neck. He smoothed his hair back, behind his ears and off his forehead, before resting his hands on either side of Will's jaw. With a hidden smirk, he left the mismatched buttons at his collar.

"We have to leave," he said quietly, tipping Will's head back, forcing his gaze upwards. "You're in no position to drive yourself. We'll retrieve your vehicle tomorrow after your other lecture."

He made no reply but leant his head into Hannibal's palm, before the other man withdrew. His satchel was slung over his shoulder and he pressed his coat to the front of himself, a detached part of his brain reminding him to hide his arousal and the evidence of their activities.

Hannibal took him by the wrist, walking with sure confident steps toward the door. Will trailed obediently behind, but with a hesitancy in his gait – he whimpered quietly, the plug rubbing against his prostate with each shaky step.

“Best gather yourself Will,” Hannibal paused, the unmistakable sound of Jack and Beverly echoing down the hall, “I believe we have company.” He grinned, brightly, and swung the door open.

As it turned out, covering himself with his coat was an excellent decision; no sooner had they stepped into the hallway, then the other two rounded the corner.

Jack’s expression immediately turned to one of concern as he saw Will, shaking, perspiring, and leaning on Hannibal for support in order to walk. Beverly, however, looked more incredulous, with one dramatically raised eyebrow.

“Will?” Jack said forcefully. “What is wrong with you, you look-”

Hannibal politely cut him off. “I’m afraid Will has had something of a panic attack, following one of his lecture sessions on a particularly horrific murderer. He wisely called me as his class concluded, and I have been speaking with him in his office. I have given him a very mild sedative, and will be bringing him to my home for observation this evening.”

Beverly coughed to attempt to cover up her burst of laughter. Jack Crawford was a big picture sort of guy, and was apt to trust the expertise of Dr. Lecter without questioning it; if he said that Will had needed his assistance after a panic attack, that’s all he would see evidence of. Beverly, on the other hand, was trained to notice the details, as a good investigator would; and the fact that Will’ s buttons were off by one, that he’d been walking quite strangely, and that he was strategically covering his crotch, was enough for her to see right through this ruse. That his eyes were unfocused and didn’t even seem to recognize them was further evidence that there was more at play here than a panic attack and a sedative.

After recovering somewhat, Beverly couldn’t help but say (as seriously as she could), “It’s a good thing for Will he has you to take such good care of him.”

“Indeed Ms. Katz. Will is in excellent hands with me.”

“Yes,” she replied, “I’m sure you’re quite skilled in taking care of him.”

Hannibal flashed her his teeth in a smile that was part cordial, and part savage.

“You’d better get him out of here before any of his students see him like this,” Jack warned.

“I certainly agree. If you’ll excuse us…” And with that, Hannibal dragged will down the corridor with a firmness and dignity that only he was capable of.

Beverly couldn’t help but glance back over her shoulder, and noticed that there was definitely something damp about the line of Will’s trousers as they clung to him.

Hannibal smirked on his way out the door, a warm steadying hand to Will’s lower back as he guided him outside into the quiet of the mostly empty lot. His gait was strained as they

approached Hannibal's car, Will's fear suddenly returning at the thought of riding home both in his present condition and with his dirty clothes.

He stood, refusing to approach the vehicle, shivering as the sweat cooled on his overheated skin.

"Will?" Hannibal made sure his tone was gentle, realizing the depth to which he was still under. Will shook his head, seemingly beyond words, and made a quiet noise.

"Nonsense, you're in no position to drive." Hannibal grasped him lightly be the elbow and despite his reservation, Will followed. His coat was taken from him, laid across the seat, and then Will was sinking down on shaky legs, groaning as the plug impaled itself even deeper as he sat back.

There was pleased hum from Hannibal and he rubbed Will's back while he nudged him forward, buckling his seatbelt as he knelt down to fasten the clasp. He patted his thigh, noting with no small amount of satisfaction the growing bulge in Will's ill-fitting trousers.

Will let his head fall forward, squeezing his eyes shut as Hannibal stood, rounding the Bentley to the driver's side. He inched his fingers down his pants as soon as Hannibal was out of sight, rubbing himself through his soaked pants.

"Will!" Hannibal scolded him as he slid inside and shut the door and Will yanked his hand back.

"Please don't paddle me again!" He sobbed, covering his face, unable to stop the cries, however quiet, as Hannibal pulled out of the lot toward home.

"Hmm? Maybe another round is just what you need, Will. You've been terribly, terribly *disobedient*." Will addled mind missed the bright amusement in Hannibal's voice as he drawled out the last word, so he rested a soothing hand against Will's trembling thigh, even as he inched it closer to his straining cock.

"When we arrive home, you're to strip, shower, and lay face down on the bed? Do you understand?" The subtle playfulness was still there, but Will could only nod, crying harder as Hannibal's hand rubbed down against his inner thigh, fingers making maddeningly little circles that made him gasp through his tears.

"You need to cum again, don't you Will. You can't even make it home." Hannibal said humorously, watching the little thrust to Will's hips as his free hand crept ever closer.

With a small laugh, Hannibal pulled his hand away, and Will let out a small whine of disappointment. He sat back, and tried, unsuccessfully, to will away his painful, frustrating erection. He closed his eyes, and tried to think of anything else - his next lecture, what he needed to fix around his house. But his mind kept returning to how fiercely Hannibal had just fucked him, and how there was no way he hadn't been heard.... *And oh god, running into Jack and Beverly...*

Will registered that the car was moving, and after a while, opened his eyes when they'd clearly hit a regular speed, the car traveling smoothly down the highway for the drive to Baltimore. And once again, Hannibal's hand was resting firmly on his leg, stroking his thigh, and making his cock respond despite his exhaustion. He was convinced he'd be in trouble for not being able to control himself.

"Hannibal, please...I can't help it. Please don't punish me again," he whispered.

"Shhh, Will. I'm fully aware of exactly how insatiable you are." He kept trailing his hand up and down, finally settling against Will's straining hardness, eliciting a long, drawn-out sigh of "Oh, yes..." from the tormented, overwhelmed man.

Hannibal continued palming Will through his trousers as he drove. After several minutes, he ceased, saying, "I'm afraid we're going to have to exit the highway. You will have to take care of that yourself."

"Can....can I? You won't be displeased?"

"Is that not a risk you are willing to run, in your current state of desperation?" Hannibal chided.

Groaning, and left no choice, Will ran his hand over himself, not even attempting to open his pants. Soon, he was wantonly arching his back in the seat, his breath speeding up, needy moans spilling from his open mouth.

Moans turned into cries as he came again, cock still fully covered, just in time for the car to pull up to Hannibal's home.

Will had slumped forward in seat, head hanging forward as he tried to catch his breath. It appeared to Hannibal that the safety belt was the only thing keeping him upright.

Hannibal let him rest for a moment while he exited the car, coming round the side to open Will’s door. He undid the seat belt, hauling the shaking man onto his feet. Will stood on unsteady legs, grasping Hannibal’s arm with a trembling hand.

“You’re to go inside, remove the plug, and shower. When you’re finished, you’re to lay face down on the bed and wait for me.”

There was no response, but Will trudged inside, Hannibal following after he had gathered Will’s coat and satchel. The climb up the stairs was slow, painful, everything stiff and sore and damp as he dragged his legs, one after another, toward their bedroom. He stripped from his dirty clothing, putting it away to be washed, and then stood against the sink.

Hannibal stood outside the en suite, listening to the quiet, pained sounds as Will prepared for his shower. A devious smile passed over his face when he heard the other man panting, moaning softly as he no doubt removed the plug. The water started soon after and Hannibal busied himself while Will bathed.

The temperature seemed to hot, no matter how cold he turned the taps, the sensation too painful on his inflamed skin. Normally content to rest on the stone bench inside the enclosure, Will stood this time, too sore to even consider sitting down. He washed as quickly as his overused muscles would allow, eventually finishing and drying off.

The bed had been turned down for him when he came back into the room and he stiffly stretched out, burying his face and sighing deeply, utterly exhausted.

“Have you removed the plug?”

Will nodded, making a faint noise into his pillow.

“Show me,” Hannibal said, stepping forward, despite already knowing the object had been cleaned and put back in its place.

He whimpered quietly, but reached back with exhausted arms, spreading himself for Hannibal.

“So compliant,” Hannibal whispered, pressing a single finger against Will’s entrance, before leaning down and trailing his lips over the curve of his spine. The other man bit back a noise and buried his face, shivering.

“Very good, I want you to stay still while I attend to some things.”

Will brought his arms back up, resting his head in the crook of his elbow, trying not to think about what was happening. He had a vague, hazy memory of touching himself in Hannibal’s car, cumming again in his pants while he sat on pristine leather, equal parts turned on and frightened by what he was doing. There was mounting fear, the longer he lay there, that he was going to be punished again.

Everything was sore, Will decided groggily. Hannibal was moving about the room, noises Will couldn’t identify, until he heard the unmistakable sound of his satchel being opened. His heart started pounding wildly when he heard the smooth slide of the paddle being slipped from the bag.

At once he cried out, terrified, seeing in his mind’s eye the swift descent of Hannibal’s forearm, despite the fact there was no more punishment coming. Hannibal turned to see Will struggling forward, trying to lift himself, ass high in the air for what he surely thought was more paddling. Moaning openly, it was sound of intense confusion, rather than pleasure.

It was a quick step to the bed and Hannibal was wrapping his arms around the smaller man, knowing he’d reached his limit, and beyond, both mentally and physically.

“Will,” the tone was firm, but rather than commanding, he simply wanted to cut through the fog of his addled mind. He struggled at first, eyes squeezed shut, panicked and disoriented as he shook in Hannibal’s grasp.

“You need to take a deep breath for me, slowly.” Eventually he heard Hannibal’s calming tone and felt warm hands rubbing against his back.

Will was silent for a time, until he eventually found his voice. “I ruined your dress shirt,” he said miserably, pressing his face against Hannibal’s chest.

There was the soft, unexpected sound of Hannibal laughing and he kissed the side of Will’s face, lips curved in an easy smile against his skin.

“I’m terribly proud of you, Will. You’ve done so well, you took everything I gave you, and more. I want you to rest for a while, do you understand?” He kept his tone quiet this time, calming, and Will nodded, letting Hannibal maneuver him onto his stomach. There was pressure against his back, shoulders, along his sides – grounding touches until he relaxed.

Hannibal straightened up the room quickly, putting everything back in his place, and then retrieved two items from the walk-in closet. He shed his own clothes, foregoing any sleep attire, and approached the bed again.

Will had descended into a light doze. His ever-present flush had receded somewhat, but his ass remained bright red, the bruising and tenderness standing in stark contrast to his pale thighs.

“Will?” Hannibal pushed his fingers through the unruly curls, rubbing at the back of his neck until his eyes slid open.

Despite his earlier concern that he’d be punished again for his inability to control himself on the ride home, Will was calm now, even as his awareness wasn’t completely present. There was a lovely scent filling the air, like jasmine and orange blossoms; bitter, yet sweet, and it made him even more relaxed.

Hannibal had taken some of the soothing salve he’d gotten out while Will was resting and applied it to his hands, which he rubbed together to warm; and the scent had soon permeated the room. Gingerly, he smoothed the substance over Will’s bruises, making sure not to press into the darkest areas; the places that were merely red, he massaged with greater pressure.

Despite the pain, Will sighed, long and content; the discomfort was only momentary as it gave way to sweet relief.

Hannibal worked in long strokes from the small of Will’s back, sore from muscle use, down to the pink and darker areas where the blows of the paddle had connected most firmly with his ass; and down further, to the back of his upper thighs, where Hannibal kneaded strongest of all. These muscles had borne most of the weight of his body, and done most of the work of stabilizing him as he met Hannibal’s hard and powerful thrusts as he’d fucked him.

Despite his exhaustion, Will was more fully awake now. The scent was heady and calming, but invigorating at the same time.

“Hannibal, that feels amazing.”

“Mitigating your soreness after your experience today will continue to be necessary for a time. After I am finished, I have something for you, and one final thing I require you to do.”

His voice had a touch of what Will could have sworn was mischief to it; *it must be some kind of an unusual surprise for him to sound like that,* he thought.

A few more minutes went by, and Will was feeling more himself. He reflected on the events that had led to this moment; his decision to try to do something that would remind him all day of being with Hannibal, how he'd wanted to be touched and fondled by him when he discovered his secret undergarment. How Hannibal had seen through him, and had known something was afoot; and the long afternoon that followed, how Hannibal had used him, and how desperately he'd wanted to be used.

When he thought of how thoroughly he'd been punished, and the abasement he'd willingly endured, he moaned softly. He'd remember these things vividly.

Hannibal rested his hands against Will's thighs for several moments before helping him to turn over on his back, satisfied that he wouldn't be feeling too much pain. He touched him gently along his chest, his stomach, and lower, marveling at how beautiful he looked shaved and smooth.

Will let his head fall back into the pillows and smiled, shivering while Hannibal scratched neatly trimmed nails down his sides.

"Yes, Will, a gift for you, even though you were," he paused, accent suddenly dark and thick, "disobedient."

Will ducked his head, grinning, but not before he saw a mischievous smile pass over Hannibal's face. A rather expensive looking box was taken from the dresser, and Hannibal came to sit beside Will, offering him the item.

"You buy me such expensive things," Will mumbled. Hannibal said nothing, but pushed his fingers through Will's hair before gesturing to the box, waiting for it to be opened.

There was the start of blush forming across his face, and Hannibal swiped a thumb over Will's cheekbone as he opened his gift. The flush deepened almost immediately and Will couldn't suppress a grin as he pulled out a very expensive, very beautiful pair of panties.

"The finest silk," Hannibal murmured, "the color will look exquisite against your skin."

He took them from their wrapping; the deep, rich teal color was a sharp and beautiful contrast to his pale, smooth thighs.

"Should I put them on?" Will asked quietly, looking up hopefully.

Hannibal smiled at Will's continued eagerness to please him, despite how completely sore and exhausted he must surely have been.

"Of course you should. How else shall I admire you in them?"

Will pulled them over his ankles, and then his knees. At this point, he gingerly swung his feet over the edge of the bed, in part to be more easily able to slide the smooth undergarment up

and over his thighs and hips, but mostly because he intuitively knew Hannibal would want to look at him from every possible angle.

Cautiously he stood up, and slowly eased them over his still-red ass, and sighed as they slid, light and cool, over his cock.

Hannibal never took his eyes off of him, savoring every movement, how the color looked radiant against Will's flushed skin. He put a steadying hand on Will's shoulder, indicating he should turn around.

"Exquisite, Will. This presentation is much more fitting than something hidden under your working clothes."

Not being able to stand much longer, and Hannibal sensing him growing unsteady, Will was guided back down to the bed, where he sprawled out face down, on his belly, his head resting on his arm as he watched and felt Hannibal stroking the backs of his legs up to his thighs, just where the fabric met his skin, and just where he was currently the most sensitive. He felt both peaceful, and reveled in the fire of anticipation that had been kindled in his mind.

"Rest now," Hannibal whispered softly. "I intend to enjoy you fully once your energy is restored."

The final thing Will felt as he drifted off was Hannibal lying next to him, a strong hand against his waist; and his final thoughts were of what he could do to prove himself worthy of Hannibal's gift.

End Notes

Hannibal's gift to Will is a lovely pair of panties that look a little something like this! Will, of course, would look absolutely amazing in that color.

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